all things sweet and sundered by bazanite

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)
Genre: Don't Try This At Home, Drug Use, Dubious Consent, Excessive use of the endearment 'Baby', Faint Humiliation Kink, Fingering, Frottage, Light BDSM, M/M, Somnophilia, alcohol use, apologies to my mother and also jesus, discovering a kink in the Worst Way, faint praise kink, lots of fingers in mouths idk what that tag would be, sex tears
Language: English
Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington
Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington
Status: Completed
Published: 2018-07-28
Updated: 2018-07-28
Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:16:36
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Chapters: 1
Words: 5,295
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

Here is Steve Harrington's plan for the night. He's going to get drunk. He's going to play a few rounds of quarters and dance until he can't make heads or tails of his own feet. He's going to get lucky in the back of Charlotte Palmer's car.

Things rarely work out as planned.

all things sweet and sundered

Author's Note:

> I was in a Mood when I started writing this and I was really going for some dark shit and then it just—like nearly everything I've ever written—turned into kink. ¯_(ツ)_/¯ At least I'm consistent.
>
> If the tags concern you and you want a little more illumination on what's going on here before you decide to read, jump to the end notes for a more detailed warning.
>
> Shout out to @brawlite who had no awareness of this being written but who I still blame entirely for its existence.

They end up at the same party.

It's completely by accident; they barely know the same people, let alone run in the same circles, but Hawkins isn't exactly LA. There are limited options for a night of good, wholesome enjoyment, and most nights that happens in Tobin Rudolph's parents-are-on-sabbatical-in-Manchester's house.

Anyway, at some point in the night Steve looks up across the foosball table in the basement and Billy Hargrove is sitting there, stradling the arm of a faded and torn couch, watching Steve over the sticky orange cherry of a joint with dark eyes.

Aw, shit, Steve thinks. He's on his fourth beer and the unease that courses through him finds room in his stomach, sloshing and sick. He doesn't have time for this tonight, doesn't have time for all the energy that Hargrove requires. There's a game of quarters upstairs with his name on it and he's pretty sure that Charlotte Palmer said something about needing him to look at her transmission, which Steve is pretty sure means he can get to second base in the back of her dad's Pontiac Sunbird with little to no effort.

So Steve struggles his way out of Tobin Rudolph's camo-colored bean bag chair, but on his way to tracking down Charlotte Palmer, he catches Hargrove's eye across the room. Hargrove lifts an eyebrow and the joint in silent question and Steve waivers. There's strained contrition at the corner of Hargrove's smirk, barely noticeable, but there.

The thing is, Billy Hargrove's not really an *asshole*. Well, he's an asshole, but not an *asshole*. Steve's met *assholes*, a fair number of them, and Billy isn't one of them. *Assholes* have intent. Hargrove has some desperate kind of madness that Steve can't name, some incidental shit that catches Steve up in its wake. It weasels its way under Steve's skin like a fever, or a daydream.

Fuck, Steve thinks, which is a nuanced line between *fuck this* and *fuck it*, and he realizes he's drifted on his path, gravitated to Hargrove like a dizzy magnet.

He sits heavily on the couch and Hargrove offers him the joint in silent repentance. Steve's fingers brush his rough knuckles as he takes it, and when he lifts it to his lips to breathe in, he can feel the texture of Hargrove's skin on the pads of his fingers.

It's not good reefer—too dry and kind of ashy, but beggars can't be choosers, his mom always says. Usually while she's nervously touching her pearls, unconsciously making sure they're still around her neck or something, really highlighting the fact that she's never begged for anything in her life. Steve holds a lung full of smoke and when he exhales he coughs a little, small enough to swallow. He's cool, he is, his body just wants to give him away.

Together, they sit there in calm, smoky contemplation. It almost resembles companionship.

But the atmosphere has to break eventually and door to the basement clicks shut as the last few basement stragglers leave and Hargrove moves before Steve's brain catches up. Suddenly there's a leg over his thighs and Hargrove is settled, warm and heavy in his lap.

"What the fuck," Steve says, and he didn't realize until he's opened his mouth, but he's drunker than he'd like. This was a bad decision. He

should have stayed on his side of the basement, on his side of the city, on his side of reality. "G'off of me."

He puts his hands on Hargrove's chest but forgets that he's trying to push him off halfway through a second. Hargrove smells… really good, actually. Not that he's been thinking about it or anything, but Steve imagined he'd probably smell like sweat and stale tobacco. But the closer Steve gets to Hargrove's hair, the scent of lavender and sweet lemon and nag champa builds and builds and—

There's a pressure at his neck, at his chin, and Steve tips his head back, drunk and confused. How did he never realize how long Hargrove's fingers are? It's extremely obvious now, with the way they're pressing against the skin of Steve's throat. He opens his mouth to say something, to protest, something, but the room dips and sways and suddenly two of those long fingers have dipped their way into his mouth, have hooked up behind his teeth, are holding his mouth open. Panic floods through Steve's body and settles in his sternum. He throws all of his considerably drunk energy into fighting the weight on his legs, but Hargrove leans forward and exhales right into Steve's gaping mouth.

He stills, smoke curling between them.

Steve breathes in deep.

"I could have bitten you," he says, when the smoke and rage has seeped out of his mouth, not a threat but a consideration. Steve tips his head back against the faded brown plaid of the couch cushion, and Hargrove looks down at him with those dark eyes, sharklike, predatory, proud. He licks his lips in that way Steve's definitely not fascinated with, definitely hasn't seen in his dreams, mouth open, still grinning. A strange urge to touch the scruff on Hargrove's chin settles over him, but his hands are too warm and too heavy to pick them up from where he's dropped them in his lap. And now that he's thinking about his hands, they're awfully close to—

When Hargrove hits the joint again, it burns bright between them, burns up all the shit Steve doesn't think about. This time, Steve leans forward, chases the scratch of Hargrove's mouth and gets frustratingly close before Hargrove jerks back, mirth and teasing

scorn in his eyes.

Steve wants to taste the dark corners of that wide, toothy sneer, wants to work his tongue into the hidden corners of Hargrove's teeth. When did Steve stop hating him?

The basement door opens, heralding laughter, and Hargrove is up off Steve's lap before he can pull words together.

Startling heat touches his knuckles, and Steve juggles the joint in his fingers, unsure of how it got there. He regards it for a while, then lifts it to his lips, tasting Hargrove's sour, lazy saliva. It's bad etiquette, leaving the tip all wet. Figures. He was probably raised in a barn. Steve hits the joint a couple more times, then hands it to one of the guys who trickled down to swarm the foosball table and goes to find the group of playing quarters upstairs.

Later, when the room swims and the keys in his palm look more like water than metal, Steve tucks them into his pocket and pseudo-passes out face-down on Tobin Rudolph's guest bed. The comforter is covered in pink and yellow roses and smells like cigarette smoke but it's thankfully, miraculously empty. He falls asleep halfway through a regret about not seeing the backseat of Charlotte Palmer's dad's Sunbird.

He drifts, too drunk, too high, too tired, and when the door to the room whispers open, Steve cracks an eye at the figure in the doorway. Whoever it is, they're tall and cast in shadow, outlined in relief by the warm yellow light spilling in from down the hall. The party's still going on out there, but it's low and quiet now, just a few people laughing and talking in sleepy, happy monotone.

The door closes just as softly as it opened, the sliver of warm light fading and dying in a blink. The gentle murmur of voices softens 'till Steve has to really strain to hear it through the wall. The sound of it, just outside of his understanding, is comforting. Soothing.

"Harrington," the voice says, and Steve groans. He turns his head down into the pillow and shuts his eyes as tight as he can. In his own darkness, he feels like he's on a boat. Rocking, swaying, unsteady. He's going to be sick, but he fights against it, pushes the pillow away

and takes a sweet, deep drag of air.

The mattress dips, and too-warm heat settles in against Steve's side.

"You gonna ralph, Harrington?"

Steve's pretty sure you have to be awake to puke, but they did make them watch a video in health class last year about alcohol poisoning where a girl choked on her own vomit. He doesn't think he's got alcohol poisoning though, just a bad case of too many things at once. At least he's face down. The world feels like cotton. He's not going to puke, and he tries to shake his head no.

Hargrove makes a noise, low and contemplative, and the mattress moves again. Steve shuts his eyes. When the world resteadies itself, the heat's over him now, pressing him down into the soft embrace of the bed.

There are those fucking fingers again, long and strong, curling around Steve's elbows, sliding up his arms, shackling his wrists. Hargrove grinds his hands down into the mattress and Steve can't help the gasp that seeps out of him. The air in the room is heavy and humid and pulling oxygen into his lungs is a chore, but maybe, though, maybe that's because Hargrove's got all of his weight on Steve's back. The room spins and Steve barely realizes he's doing it when he arches up against Hargrove, pressing his forehead into the mattress, trying to crawl his way back to consciousness.

"C'mon," Steve mumbles, entirely unsure if he means *c'mon, get off me* or *c'mon, get me off.*

The comforter scratches at his arms and Steve becomes dimly aware that Hargrove's shifted his arms, now has both of Steve's wrists crossed in one fist. His whole body is warm and tingly, slow like molasses, and that's his excuse when he realizes Hargrove's other hand is in his hair, slowly scratching his rough scalp. It's shockingly intimate for what feels like a drive-by.

He must make some kind of noise, because Hargrove says, teasing, bitterly cruel, "Don't worry." His mouth ghosts across Steve's hair. "I'll do all the work, baby."

In the light of day, Steve wouldn't. Now, in this dark place, he tips his head to the side, lets himself get pulled under by that sweet hot weight again and sighs. Hargrove's mouth slides over the ridge of Steve's neck, wet and too hot. He's so exhausted. So unbalanced. He thinks he might be—

skipping time, a little? Swanning in and out of consciousness. It doesn't matter. He wants to curl his hands down around Hargrove's but his fingers are leadened, totally useless.

Sleep plucks at him and he drifts again for a minute. When he comes back to himself, his shirt's been rucked up under his armpits and Hargrave's trying to tug his jeans down, but hey get trapped under his hips and under Billy's weight across his thighs. Steve undulates a little, rolls his hips—

makes the space big enough for get his pants down and when he's bare, Billy whistles. He lets go of Steve's wrists and the next thing Steve knows, Hargrove's kneading into the his ass—one hand on each cheek—like a cat.

He wants to call him out for it, wants to laugh and laugh and laugh. But he can't seem—

he can't seem to make his mouth cooperate so he just sighs out all of the electricity and heat in his throat, in his jaw and teeth and tongue because it's weird, yeah, but Billy digs his thumb into a particular nerve right under his ass cheek and it also goes straight to Steve's dick.

Some kind of obscene noise comes from Billy's mouth and—

while Steve's sleep-confounded brain is trying to make sense of what exactly just happened, something warm and wet hits his skin and slides down, down, down. Steve's curling his fingers into the pillow, the most significant movement afforded to him with the threat of Billy's weight pressing him down into the bed, when it hits him.

Billy Hargrove just *spat* in his *ass*.

Unbearable horror builds in his chest, in his stomach, with the

sloshing alcohol. If he could go back in time and tell even yesterday-Steve that this would happen, that Billy Hargrove would be rubbing up against him in Tobin Rudolph's guest bed at 2 am and he won't—

he won't…. *hate* it? Well, he has no idea if he'd do it or not. He feels totally lit up from the inside, like somebody's shoved their hand inside of him and turned him into some weird caricature puppet of who he used to be and he closes his eyes tight enough for a few stray tears to leak out. Like there's not enough space inside of him, so something has to give.

"Hmm," Hargrove says as he pulls Steve's cheeks apart. He traces a finger around Steve's hole and Steve hates the way something in his belly flutters. He could count all the times someone's called him any affectionate term of endearment on his left hand and they've all happened in the past minute and it turns him on in the weirdest—

What kind of person is he that he likes this? That he isn't pushing Hargrove away? That he wants Billy to… take him? He whines, low in his throat. The room is too fucking hot. "Been thinking about this all night, sweetheart."

Suffocating, Steve turns his head out of the mattress, eyes still tightly shut. Hargrove leans forward and drags his fingers through Steve's hair again—and when he's more conscious he's definitely going to call Billy out for having some kind of weird boner for his hair—and Steve can hear the grin around that devilish smirk.

"Tired, baby?" Billy says, syrupy, sinful. "You just rest. Told you I'd do all the work."

The permission is oddly liberating, and Steve lets himself drift between one breath and the next. He comes to again with the tip of Hargrove's finger working slowly, agonizingly, in and out of his hole and he jackknifes as much as he can, gets his elbows under him and lifts his hips up off the bed with a muffled cry—

"Shhhh, shh shh," Hargrove commands when Steve floats back into himself, and leans down to press an oddly tender kiss to the low space between Steve's shoulder blades. The angle means his finger crooks a little and Steve jumps. It stings a little and not in a way

that's sexy, even under the heady prison of his chemical state.

"Can't—" Steve groans against the mattress, nonsensical. It—it's too much. He wants it so fucking much but he—he can't. He bears down on Billy's finger, pushes back into his hand just to test it. There's no give. Fire licks up his spine and turns his dick to jelly and Steve drops his head back into the mattress and doesn't cry about it.

"Yeah," Hargrove whispers, and bites at the crest of his ass. It's not gentle; it burns like a brand. "Don't worry, baby, I'm not gonna break you."

What would that entail, Steve wonders, being broken?

Hargrove doesn't give him enough time to consider it. His finger pops away from its insistent probing and an arm snakes between Steve and the mattress and he's tilting them together onto their sides before Steve knows what's happening. The room rocks violently and—

Steve groans. Why'd it have to involve moving? Steve hates moving.

Billy spits into his hand again and again and when he reaches down to touch Steve it's like he's brought the sea with him. In a matter of seconds, Steve's slippery and—

shivering

"Jesus," Steve gasps out when Billy sticks his dick up between the globes of his ass. He's never been much of one for benediction but Billy makes him feel like he's about a hundred years late for confessional.

It's—filthy. It's animalistic. Steve drags a fist under his mouth and bites his whimper into his own knuckles. Turns out he doesn't really need to do that, 'cause Billy reaches over them and knocks Steve's fist out of the way to take its place, pressing a hot, heavy hand over Steve's mouth.

"Hush," he says, like Steve's an infant and he's just rocking him to sleep, slow and gentle. Nothing feels gentle. Nothing feels like it's ever been gentle, and Billy thrusts up against him and Steve can't help the way he trembles, the way he cries out a little into the

muffled sanctuary of Billy's palm.

"That's it, baby, that's good," Billy says, while Steve closes his eyes and whines into his hand. Billy presses the fleshy globes of Steve's ass tight around his dick and groans. "One day I'm gonna do this the right way, make you all sloppy and loose and get in there like you want me to, huh? We're gonna go real slow. Take my time with you. You think I can get my whole hand in there one day?"

Fuck. Steve pants, open-mouthed against Billy's palm. He wants—he wants. Hesitantly, so terrified of shame even in the midst of his shaking lust, he opens his mouth a little wider and touches the center of Billy's palm with his tongue. It's the lightest touch, just a teasing exploration, but Billy makes a harsh sound and twists his hand until his fingers have crowded their way into Steve's mouth, hooking his jaw open.

Steve Harrington is going to burn alive. He needs so much, so much more of Billy pressed into him, hot along his back. He bites down on Billy's fingers, gets them tight in between his molars and tilts his hips back, makes the angle better, and Billy's dick drags over his hole with each wavelike motion and Steve *shivers*—

He's getting hard now, finally, his dick fighting valiantly against the net of intoxication that's keeping him down. "Please," he begs, muffled, and puts his hand on his cock, anxious and desperate for any kind of friction, anything to counterbalance what's happening to his body, any grasp at some sort of release—

Billy's hand slaps his away and Steve gasps into the sudden sweet air, mouth suddenly desperately empty.

"That's mine, sweetheart," Billy hisses, grinning, and his fingers squeeze vice-like around the base of Steve's dick. Steve cries out, feverish and tortured.

"Shit," Billy says, pressing his mouth into Steve's shoulder "You can't keep being so loud—"

Steve comes to again face-down on the bed. At some point Billy's divested him of his jeans, and there's something between his teeth.

He tries to move his arms and finds them pinned against his own back, Billy's fingers tight and so *god damn hot* around his wrists. His pace has sped up considerably, now frantic and punishing, pressed close down against Steve's back. Billy's basically rutting into him now. Like a dog.

He's never been so turned on in his life. The sheets under his face and the balled up fabric in his mouth are damp. He must have been crying a little while he was out, which makes perfect sense because each time Billy presses in and up, each time he leans forward and whispers filthy praise in Steve's ear ("Pretty boy," he whispers, and nips at the shell of Steve's ear, drags his tongue over the sting) he finds some tender part inside of him that feels rubbed raw. Absurdly, wishes Billy would take it up and kiss it better but that's not—

That's not the point of it.

Love, he knows, doesn't feel anything like this. It's not related, it doesn't even share a name. But, god—he feels wanted in the worst kind of—

This time, when he slides back into muzzy consciousness, Billy's slowed. The room is quiet aside from Billy's ragged panting and the thing that was in Steve's mouth is crumpled up under his cheek, damp from his tears and sticky with sweat. Billy's stretched out over his back, one hand still binding Steve's wrists together. It's suffocating in a way that Steve finds he loves.

Shapeless warmth covers his back and for a cruel, violent instant Steve feels *cheated.* Billy's still got his cock on him, sliding slowly through the mess of Steve's ass. He's feverish with how sweaty and shivery he is, and when Billy moves away and pushes his fingers through his own come, down down down until they're circling Steve's hole and pushing inside, Steve feels like maybe he's dying.

"Please," he begs, twisting his bound wrists in Billy's grasp, grinding his temple into the mattress in some desperate proximity of friction, pushes himself back onto Billy's fingers. The burn from earlier is still there but he doesn't—can't—care. He wants Billy *in* him and somehow in the same breath, he wants Billy to consume him. "Please, *fuck*—"

"Yeah?" Billy breathes, and there's a taunt behind it. "You want something?"

"Please," Steve says again like a broken doll, trying to grind down into the bed, get something to rub against, but Billy's heavy presence keeps him pinned flat. "Anything—I don't care—just—"

Billy laughs in his ear.

"Thought you said—" Steve gasps, grinding his hips down, futilely trying to make something—anything—line up, "you would do all the work."

"I lied," Billy says and Steve can hear the wolfish grin. His voice sounds raspy and wrecked, like he's spent all night yelling or smoked a pack too many. "The way I see it, my job's all done here."

"C'mon," Steve whines, woozy and cottoned. "Don't be a dick."

"Yeah, you wouldn't want me to be a *dick*," Billy says, and rocks up against Steve, dick sliding through the mess again, nudging up into the space of Steve's ass that's too hot, too sensitive. "That wouldn't be good for anyone, would it, baby?"

"Fuck," Steve bites out, and rolls his face into the mattress, breathes open-mouthed against the sweaty shirt.

"Tell you what," Billy says after a minute of coy contemplation, breath hot on Steve's exposed neck. "I'm feeling real generous tonight. I'll help you out after all."

Steve's pretty sure he's going to start crying for real, great big tears born of his frustration and desperation and—if he's being a little honest with himself—relief. He's not above begging, like, *real* begging, not this half-assed shit he's been doing, maybe getting down on his hands and knees—

His stomach swoops at the thought, just as Billy takes his weight away and manhandles Steve up to lie across his lap. In the movement, the sheets from the bed have gotten twisted up around Steve's legs, knees locked together and trapped. His arms are trapped, too, wrists still caged together in Billy's fist, and he's starting to think

that might be a *thing* at play here, keeping him immobile. Docile.

"What're you doing?" he asks after a few seconds of deep, steadying breathing, muffled into the sheet. Billy hasn't done shit since they moved, but he's got his other hand resting on the back of Steve's neck, petting in some frustrating imitation of intimacy.

Those fingers comb their way through the hair at the nape of Steve's neck, then tighten and twist. Steve lifts his head with a gasp, trying to get away from the sharp, stinging pain.

"Waiting to see how long it'll take you to figure it out," Billy rasps, and Steve turns to glare at him.

"Figure *what* out?"

"That this is all you're getting, wonder boy, and I don't have all night to wait around for you."

Understanding dawns like a toothache, bitter and hot. The room swims uncomfortably for a moment and it feels like the bed drops out from under Steve's chest, his equilibrium swooping. *All you're getting.* With the pressure Billy's got on his neck and arms, the only way Steve could possibly get off here is by—

"S'not—nice," he says, and curls his fingers into the mattress.

"You don't want me nice," Billy says simply, and the truth of it lances straight through him. God, what kind of person is he, that this turns him on so fucking much? When did this happen? When did he trade the appeal of Nancy's sweetness for this off-color kind of predation?

Fuck it.

When he grinds his hips up against Billy's thigh it's almost incidental, but it sparks something, revives the burning frustration that had abated for a moment. He's having trouble keeping his eyes open, and in the wake of the warmth pooling in his gut, he lets go of it, presses his eyes closed and lets himself just feel. Lets himself feel the friction, lets himself feel the sharpness of Billy's fingers in his hair, lets himself feel how fucking hard he is.

"Gotta admit, didn't think you'd be so desperate for it, Harrington," Billy says, as Steve shakes. "Or so easy."

Steve doesn't respond. He turns his face into the flesh of his upper arm and bites down to keep from moaning out his agreement and rocks his hips again. The denim of Billy's pants tears at him, burning, but at the same time it's so satisfying.

"Yeah," Billy breathes around something that sounds like pride. "Gotta take the time, next time. Open you up. Gonna hold you down and make you take it."

The whine that leaks out of Steve's throat is reedy and embarrassing and he can't do anything to stop it. There's a tingling pressure that's building in his balls every time he pushes down against Billy's thigh, and a sweet, refreshing wave of trembling relief every time he pulls away. It's good, but he can't quite get any kind of leverage, probably won't really be able to get there like this. He needs *more.* He needs—

Steve kicks his way out of the twisted sheets and hikes his leg up and throws his knee over Billy's, so he's coiled around Billy's waist, serpentine and desperate. When he digs in with his knees this time and really *pushes* against Billy's hip, it's electrifying. It feels like something inside of him cracks open and heat floods through him. It's almost as good as when he jerks off. Not as slick, but so much more.

"Then again, maybe I'll just lock you up and put you in my lap, huh? Make you do *all* the work. You'd be so good at it." Billy's hand drifts from the hair at the back of Steve's neck to press against his ass, and just as Steve's thinking *God, would you just shut up*, Billy pulls his cheeks apart and circles at his hole again—again, god dammit—with his maddening fingers. "'Cause you want it so bad, isn't that right?"

Maybe, though, maybe he doesn't want Billy to shut up. Because if he's being totally honest with himself (which he really shouldn't care about right now, drunk and high and being pulled apart in Billy Hargrove's lap) the shit that comes out of his mouth is really, *really* doing something for Steve. There isn't much he wouldn't agree too like this, under Billy's thumb.

It doesn't burn as much when Billy presses his finger into that ring of

muscle now, the stretch eased by the lingering slipperiness of Billy's come. The rhythm Steve's been building falters.

"That's it, see?" Billy huffs out a laugh. "All it takes is a little practice, baby. You'll open up so nice next time."

He finds a good back and forth then, pressing back into Billy's finger, forward into his thigh. Next time. Billy keeps talking about *next time*, and if he doesn't quit it, Steve's going to start believing him. Maybe next time Billy'd really pin him down, maybe tie him to something. Make Steve get on his knees between his feet and fuck his mouth. Maybe he'd do what he threatened—promised?—and keep Steve in his lap, fuck up into him lazily, mess up Steve's rhythm. He groans, dick leaking all over Billy's jeans.

With dizzying awareness, Steve realizes there's noise coming from outside the bedroom door, floorboards creaking softly. He bites his gasp off into the meat of his arm and stills, pressing his hips hard into Billy's leg. It sets off some ripple effect that pools from his cock to his throat; his dick twitches and he shivers with the sudden effort to not come right then and there.

Low voices murmur from the hall, and after a lingering moment, the light from the gap under the door shifts and whoever was out there moves away.

"Oh *fuck*," Steve groans, and Billy laughs, low and quiet. Steve can feel that laugh all the way in his belly. His whole body shakes, strung tight between arousal and stress. He curses again and grinds down into the denim of Billy's thigh, pace increasing, close to begging.

"Please," he says, and well—there goes that. "Please, I can't—not like this—"

"Yeah, you can. I want you to, baby." Billy's finger twists and his thumb ghosts over Steve's perineum and just like that, Steve's coming. His orgasm rips through him like a dry storm, burns in a way that isn't entirely pleasant but leaves him destroyed in its wake, muscles locked tight, trembling.

He's absolutely unmoored, cheeks sticky with the tears he shed in

exertion. Eventually Billy puts one hand on Steve's ribcage and one on his hip and pushes Steve right off his lap. Curling up into himself, Steve watches the wall above the bed, orange glow from the neighbor's porch light dance under rustling leaves.

Billy putters around for a minute as Steve floats. Each breath he takes burns.

Eventually, the door to the room clicks open, and Steve doesn't even roll over, just watches the play of light.

"See ya' around, wonder boy," Billy says, and the door closes softly behind him.

For as fucked up as he was earlier, and as inviting and perfect Tobin Rudolph's guest bed was, Steve feels a hollow sort of unease thinking about sleeping there now. With shaking arms, he leverages himself from the bed and picks around on the floor for his pants. The walk home will do him good. It's only October, only crisp. He pulls his jacket off of the chair in the corner where he had tossed it before passing out.

The jeans he picks up are definitely Billy's, covered in come. Of course. That was what he was doing, then, swapping his ruined pants for Steve's clean ones.

"What a dick," he says into the still, stale air of the bedroom. At least his underwear should be relatively—

Steve scowls at the floor. After a minute of searching, he finds his sweaty briefs ground into the mattress by the pillow. Ah. That was what was in his mouth, earlier. He pulls them on, then the tacky jeans, and shoves his feet into his sneakers. At least Hargrove had the decency to leave him his wallet and keys in a pile in the middle of the floor. There's also his lighter and a rumpled pack of cigarettes—Billy's, probably mixed up in the jean swap.

There are a couple people passed out on couches in the living room, and he slips past them and out into the night without waking anyone. He'll have to give Billy his pants back eventually; he's got a good few inches on Steve and the cuffs pool around Steve's shoes as he trudges

down the driveway. He can't do it at school, that'd raise too many eyebrows. He's going to have to do it some other time, in private. Some other time. Some time where Billy can crowd him against a wall, maybe, push him to his knees.

With shaking fingers, Steve flicks open the smokes. There's two left. Steve's pack was brand new before getting to the party.

Generous, he thinks, and lights one.

Author's Note:

> tu / tw
>
> From the outside looking in, this is unequivocally non-consensual and depicts an instance of coercive sex with an intoxicated person who is having trouble staying conscious, which is never okay in real life, even if the person turns out to be super into it. (He's super into it.)